



*Harvard*

**Harvard College Library**

THE GIFT OF

ALFRED CLAGHORN POTTER

CLASS OF 1889



*Harvard*

**Harvard College Library**

THE GIFT OF

ALFRED CLAGHORN POTTER

CLASS OF 1889

First Ed. Lond. 1629, 4<sup>o</sup>.  
 Second - - 1630 -  
 Third - - 1658 -

1/2 - 7

1/2 -

The Edition of 1630 is reprinted in W. Halliwell's "Literature of the 16<sup>th</sup> & 17<sup>th</sup> Centuries Illustrated", 1851, 4<sup>o</sup>.

I notice some variations in the text & orthography between the Editions of 1630 and 1658.

*a copy made from  
 an old edition.*

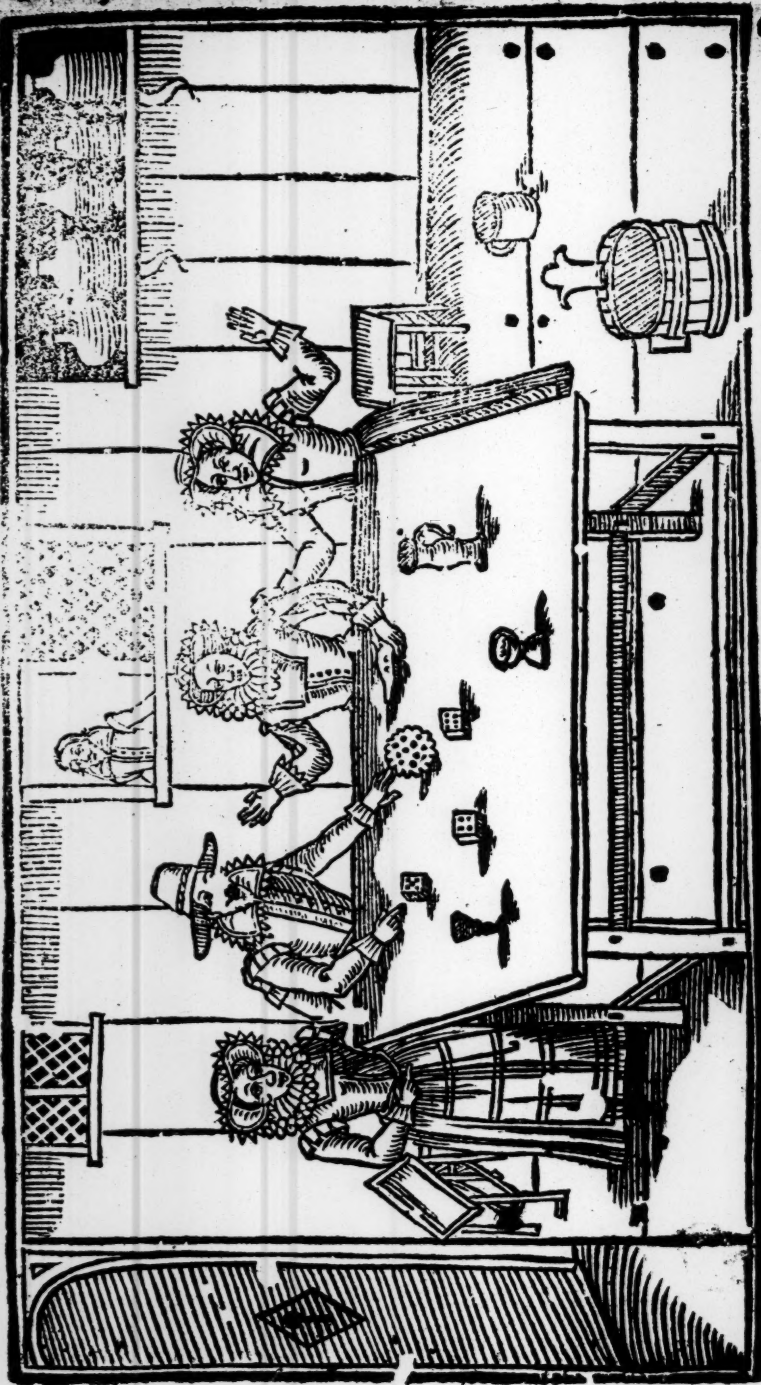
H. Stopes  
 Nov. 3. 1886.

*for 1/2*

Do Not Photograph  
 Microfilm on File  
 Photocopy on File

No. ....

Order No. ....



# WINE, BEER, ALE, AND TOBACCO,

Contending for superiority.

---

63

*A Dialogue.*

---

HORAT. *Siccis omnia dura Deus proposuit.*

---



LONDON, Printed by J. B. for John Grove, and are to  
be sold at his shop betwixt S Katherine's Stairs  
and the Mill, next door to the sign  
of the Ship, 1658.



## THE STATIONER TO THE READERS.

**G**entlemen; for in your drink, you will be no less, I present you with this small Collation: if either Wine and Sugar, Beer and Nutmeg, a Cup of Ale and a Tost, Tobacco, or ~~a~~ together, may meet your acceptation, I am glad I had it for you. There is difference between them; but your Palate may reconcile all. If any thing distaste you, there is Water to wash your hands of the whole Pamphlet, So hoping you will accept a Pledge of my Service, and have a care of your own health, I begin to you.

J. Gr.

---

## THE SPEAKERS.

WINE, *A Gentleman.*

SUGAR, *His Page.*

BEER, *A Citizen.*

NUTMEG, *His Prentice.*

ALE, *A Country-man.*

TOST, *One of his rurall servants.*

WATER, *A Parson.*

TOBACCO, *A swaggering Gentleman.*

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
GIFT OF  
ALFRED CLASHORN POTTER  
DEC. 16, 1915

WINE



# WINE, BEER, ALE, and TOBACCO,

Contending for Superiority.

*Sugar.*



*Nutmeg.*

*Nut. Sugar?* Well met, how chance you wait not upon your Master, where's Wine now?

*Sug.* Oh sometimes without Sugar, all the while he's well if I be in his company, 'tis but for fashion sake, I wait upon him into a room now and then, but am not regarded: marry when he is ill, he makes much of mee, who but Sugar? but to my remembrance I have not been in his presence this fortnight, I hope shortly he will not know me, though he meet me in his drink.

*Nut.* Thou hast a sweet life in the mean time Sugar.

*Sug.* But thou art tied to more attendance, Nutmeg, upon your Master Beer.

*Nut.* Faith no, I am free now and then, though I be his prentice still, Nutmeg hath more friends to trust to then Beer: I can be welcome to Wine thy master sometimes, and to the honest Country man Ale too. But now I talk of Ale, when didst see his man prethee?

*Sug.* Who, Toft?

*Nut.* The same.

*Sug.* I meet him at Tavern every day.

*Nut.* When shal thou, and he, and I, meet and be merry over a Cup.

*Sug.* He tell thee Nutmeg, I do not care much for his company, he's such a chollerick piece, I know not what he's made of, but his quarrelling comes home to him, for he's every day cut for it, I marvel how he escapes, this morning he had a knife thrust into him.

*Nut.* Indeed he will be very hot sometimes.

*Wine, Beer, Ale and Tobacco.*

*Sug.* Hot? I, till he look black ith' face again; besides, if hee take an opinion there's no turning of him, hee'l be burnt first. I did but by chance let fall some words against Ale, and he had like to have beat en me to powder for it.

*Nut.* How, beaten Sugar? that would be very fine ifaith; but he being bread, and thou a loaf, you should not differ so. Stand, look where he is.

*Enter Toft drunke.*

*Sug.* Then I'le be gone, for we shall quarrell.

*Nut.* Come, fear not, I'le part you, but he's drunk, ready to fall; whence coms he dropping in now? How now Toft?

*Toft.* Nutmeg? round and sound and all of a colour, art thou there?

*Nut.* Here's all that's left of me.

*Toft.* Nutmeg, I love thee Nutmeg. What's that a Ghost?

*Nut.* No, 'tis your old acquaintance Sugar.

*Toft.* Sugar, I'le beat him to pieces.

*Sug.* Hold, hold, Nutmeg.

*Nutmeg and Sugar hang upon Toft.*

*Toft.* Cannot Toft stand without holding?

*Nut.* Where have you been Toft?

*Toft.* I'le tell thee, I have been with my master Ale. Sirra, I was very dry, and he has made me drunk: do I not crumble? I shall fall a pieces; but I'le beat Sugar for all that: I do not weigh him, he is a poor Rogue, I have known him sold for two pence, when he was young, wrapt in swadling clouts of Paper. I know his breeding, a Drawer brought him up, and now he's grown so lumpish.

*Sug.* Y'are a rude Toft.

*Toft.* Rude? Let me but crush him: Rude? Sirra, 'tis well known you come from Barbary your self, and because of some few pounds in a Chest, you think to domineer over Toft: y'are a little handsome I confess, and Wenches lick their lips after you; but for all that, would I might sink to the bottom, if I do not — I will give Sugar but one box.

*Nut.* Come, come, you shall not.

*Sug.* Prethes Nutmeg, take out Toft a little, to morrow we'l meet and be drunk together.

*Exit Nutmeg with Toft.*

So, so, I am glad he's gone: I do not love this Tofts company,  
yet

yet some occasion or other puts me still upon him. Ha ! who's this?

*Enter Wine.*

'Tis Wine my Master.

*Wine.* Sugar, you are a sweet youth, you wait well.

*Sug.* A friend of mine call'd me forth to cure a cut finger.

*Wine.* You'll turn Surgion or Physitian shortly.

*Sug.* But your diseases need none ; for inflammations, which are dangerous to others, make you more acceptable, nor do you blush to have it reported sir, how often you have been burnt.

*Wine.* So sir, now you put me in mind on't, I hear say you run a wenching, and keep womens company too much.

*Sug.* Alas sir, like will to like. Sugar being of his own nature sweet, has reason to make much of women, which are the sweetest creatures.

*Wine.* But some of them are sowre enough.

*Sug.* I sir, widdowes at fifteen, and Maids at twenty five ; but I keep them company, for no other thing, then to convert them, some of them could even eat me, but for fear of spoiling their teeth.

*Wine.* Indeed one of your sweet hearts complained t'other day you made her teeth rotten.

*Sug.* Alas sir, 'twas none of my fault, she bit me first, and I could do no lesse, then punish her sweet tooth.

*Wine.* Well sirra, I say take heed of women.

*Sug.* Nay sir, if I may credit my own experience they are the best friends I have, for I am always in their mouthes. If I come to a banquet, as none are made without me, in what fashion soever I appear, every woman bestowes a handkercher upon me, and strive to carry me away in their cleanest linnen : nay, but for shame, to betray their affections to me, they would bring whole sheets for me to lye in.

*Wine.* Why sure thou wert wrap'd in thy mothers smock.

*Sug.* I think if the Midwife were put to her oath, I was wrap'd in hers o'th Christning day.

But see sir, here's Master Beer.

*Enter*

*Enter Beer.*

*Wine.* How, Beer? we are not very good friends, no matter, I scorn to avoyd him.

*Beer.* Beer-leave sir.

*Justles Wine.*

*Wine.* So me thinks? how now Beer, running a tilt, do'st thou not know me?

*Beer.* I do mean to have the wall on you.

*Wine.* The wall of me, you would have your head and the wall knock'd together, learn better manners, or I may chance to broach you.

*Beer.* Broach me, alas poor Wine; 'tis not your *Fieri facias* can make Beer afraid, thy betters know the strength of Beer. I do not fear your high colour sir.

*Sug.* So, so, here will be some scuffling.

*Wine.* You'l leave your impudence, and learn to know your superiours Beer, or I may chance to have you stop'd up. What never leave working? I am none of your fellows.

*Beer.* I scorn thou should'st

*Wine.* I am a companion for Princes, the least drop of my blood's worth all thy whole body. I am sent for by the Citizens, visited by the Gallants, kiss'd by the Gentlewomen. I am their life, their Genius, the Poeticall fury, the Helicon of the Muses, of better value then Beer; I should be sorry else.

*Beer.* Thou art sorry Wine indeed sometimes: Value? you are com up of late, men pay dear for your company, and repent it: that gives you not the precedency; though Beer set not so great a price upon himself, he means not to bate a grain of his worth, nor subscribe to Wine for all his braveries.

*Wine.* Not to mee?

*Beer.* Not to you: why whence come you pray?

*Wine.* From France, from Spain, from Greece.

*Beer.* Thou art a mad Greek indeed.

*Wine.* Where thou must never hope to come: who dares deny that I have been a traveller?

*Beer.* A traveller? in a tumbrel, a little Beer will go further: why Wine, art not thou kept under lock and key, confin'd to some corner of a Cellar, and there indeed commonly close prisoner, unless the Jaylor or Yeoman of the bottles turn the key for the chamber-maid

maid now and then, for which she vows not to leave him, till the last gaspe, where Beer goes abroad, and randevous in every place.

*Wine.* Thou in every place? away hop of my thumb: Beer I am asham'd of thee.

*Beer.* Be asham'd of thy self, and blush Wine thou art no better. Beer shall have commendations for his mildnesse and virtue, when thou art spit out of mens mouthes, and distasted: thou art an hypocrite, Wine, art all white somtimes, but more changeable then *Proteus*: thou would'it take upon thee to comfort the blood, but hast been the cause that too many noble veins have been emptied: thy virtue is to betray secrets, the very preparative to a thousand rapes and murders, and yet thou darest stand upon thy credit, and prefer thy self to Beer, that is as clear as day.

*Sug.* Well said Beer, he bears up stiffe like a Constable. Now will I play my part with'em both sir.

*To wine.*

This is intollerable.

*Wine.* The vessel of your wit leaks, Beer, why thou art drunk.

*Beer.* So art thou Wine, every day i'th week, and art faine to be carried forth of doors.

*Sug.* How sir?

*To Wine,*

*Win.* I scorn thy words, thou art base Beer; Wine is well born, has good breeding, and bringing up; thou deservest to be carted, Beer.

*Sug.* Suffer this, and suffer all, to him again.

*Beer.* Carted, thou would be carted thy self, rack'd and drawn for thy basenesse, Wine. Wel-born? Did not every man call you bastard t'other day? born? there is no man able to bear thee much: and for breeding, I know none thou hast, unless it be diseases.

*Sug.* How diseases? you have been held always to be wholsom Wine sir.

*Wine.* Sirra, if I take you in hand, I shall make you small Beer.

*Beer.* Take heed I do not make Vinegar of you first.

*Sug.* Do, do, make him pisse it, in my opinion sir, it were not for you honour to run away: yet Beer being a common quarreller, I fear may prove too hard for you.

*Wine.* Too hard for me? away boy, I'll be as hard as he for his heart: alas, he's but weak Beer, if I give him but a tap, it shall stay him from running out thus.

*Sug.* So, so, they are high enough fall too, and welcome

*Wine.* How, Beer? we are not very good friends, no matter, I scorn to avoid him.

Wine. So me thinks? how now Bear, running a tilt, do'st thou  
not know me?

**Beer.** I do mean to have the wall on you.

*Wise.* The wall of me, you would have your head and the wall knock'd together, learn better manners, or I may chance to broach you.

*Beer.* Broach me, alas poor Wine; 'tis not your *Pierrefaciat* can make Beer afraid, thy betters know the strength of Beer. I do not fear your high colour fir.

**Sgt.** So, so, here will be some scuffling.

*Wine.* You'll leave your impudence, and learn to know your su-  
periors. Dear, or I may chance to have you stop'd up. What never  
leave working? I am none of your fellows.

**Beer:** I scorn thou should'st

*Wine.* I am a companion for Princes, the least drop of my blood's worth all thy whole body. I am sent for by the Citizens, visited by the Gallants, kiss'd by the Gentlewomen. I am their life, their Genius, the Poeticall fury, the Helicon of the Muses, of better value then Beer; I should be sorry else.

*Beer.* Thou art sorry Wine indeed sometimes : Value? you are come up off late, men pay dear for your company, and repent it: that gives you not the pre-eminency; though Beer set not so great a price upon himself, he meant not to hate a grain of his worth, nor subscribe to Wine for all his braveries.

**Wine. Not to me!**

*Beer.* Not to you; why whence come you pray?

*Wine.* From France, from Spain, from Greece.

Herr. Thou art a mad Greek indeed.

*Wine.* Where thou must never hope to come : who can deny that I have been a traveller ?

**Beer.** A traveller? in a tumbrel, a little Beer will go further: why Wine, art not thou kept under lock and key, confin'd to some corner of a Cellar, and there indeed commonly close prisoner, unless the Jaylor or Yeoman of the bottles turn the key for the chamber-maid

*Wine, Beer, Ale and Tobacco.*

maid now and then, for which she vows not to leave him, till the last gaspe, where Beer goes abroad, and randevous in every place.

*Wine.* Thou in every place? away hop of my thumb: Beer I am asham'd of thee.

*Beer.* Be asham'd of thy self, and blush Wine thou art no better. Beer shall have commendations for his mildnesse and virtue, when thou art spit out of mens mouthes, and distasted: thou art an hypocrite, Wine, art all white sometimes, but more changeable then *Proteus*: thou would'st take upon thee to comfort the blood, but hast been the cause that too many noble veins have been emptied: thy virtue is to betray secrets, the very preparative to a thousand rapes and murders, and yet thou darest stand upon thy credit, and prefer thy self to Beer, that is as clear as day.

*Sug.* Well said Beer, he bears up stiffe like a Constable. Now will I play my part with 'em both sir.

*To wine.*

This is intollerable.

*Wine.* The vessel of your wit leaks, Beer, why thou art drunk.

*Beer.* So art thou Wine, every day i'th-week, and art faine to be carried forth of doors.

*Sug.* How sir?

*To Wine,*

*Win.* I scorn thy words, thou art base Beer; Wine is well born, has good breeding, and bringing up; thou deservest to be carted, Beer.

*Sug.* Suffer this, and suffer all, to him again.

*Beer.* Carted, thou would be carted thy self, rack'd and drawn for thy basenesse, Wine. Wel-born? Did not every man call you bastard t'other day? born? there is no man able to bear thee much: and for breeding, I know none thou hast, unless it be diseases.

*Sug.* How diseases? you have been held always to be wholsom Wine sir.

*Wine.* Sirra, if I take you in hand, I shall make you small Beer.

*Beer.* Take heed I do not make Vinegar of you first.

*Sug.* Do, do, make him pisse it, in my opinion sir, it were not for you honour to run away: yet Beer being a common quarreller, I fear may prove too hard for you.

*Wine.* Too hard for me? away boy, Ple be as hard as he for his heart: alas, he's but weak Beer, if I give him but a rap, it shall stay him from running out thus.

*Sug.* So, so, they are high enough fall too, and welcome

*Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco.*

*Enter Ale.*

Who's this? Ale! Oh for the three-mens Song! this Ale is a stout fellow, it shall go hard, but Sugar which makes all sweet sometimes, shall set him in his part of discord.

*Wine.* Come, come, Beer, you forget how long you were t'other day. provoke me not too much, lest I bestow a tirkin on you.

*Beer.* Strike if thou dar'st Wine, I shall make thee answer as quick as the objection, and give you a dash.

*Ale.* Umh: what's this? it seems there's great difference between Wine and Beer, Sugar what's the matter?

*Sug.* Oh good man Ale, I am glad you'r come, here's nothing but contention: I have gone betwixt 'm twice or thrice, but I fear one or both will be spilt.

*Ale.* What do they contend about?

*Sug.* For that, which for ought I can apprehend, belongs as much to you, as to either of them.

*Ale.* Hah? to me! what's that?

*Sug.* Ale, by judicious men hath been held no despicable drink, for my own part, 'tis nothing to me: you are all one to Sugar, whosoever be King, Sugar can be a subject, but yet, 'twere fit, Ale had his measure.

*Ale.* Are they so proud?

*Sug.* They mind not you, as if you were too unworthy a Competitor: See, 'tis come to a challenge.

*Wine throws down the glove, which Beer takes up.*

Pray take no knowledg that I discovered any thing of their Ambition; Sugar shall ever be found true to Ale, else would I might never be more drunk in your company.

*Ale.* No matter for protestation.

*Sug.* So, so, uow I have warmed Ale pretty well, I'll leave 'm: if Wine Beer and Ale agree together, would Sugar might never be drunk but with Water, nor never help to preserve any thing but old women, and elder brothers.

*Exit.*

*Wine.* Remember the place and weapon.

*Ale.* Stay, stay, come together again, why how now, what fight and kill one another?

*Wine*

*Wine.* Alas poor Beer, I account him dead already.

*Beer.* No sir, you may find Beer quick enough, to pierce your Hoghead. I shall remember.

*Ale.* But i'th mean time you both forget your selves; dee hear?  
*Ale* is a friend to you both, let me know your difference.

*Beer.* He has disgrac'd me.

*Wine.* Thou hast disgrac'd thy self in thy comparisons. *Wine* must be acknowledged the Nectar of all drinks, the Prince of Liquors.

*Beer.* To wash Boots.

*Ale.* Hark you, are you both mad? who hath heat you, that you run over, do you contend for that in justice belongs to another? I tell you *Wine* and *Beer*, I do not relish you, I'll tell you a tale: Two spruce hot-spur fiery gallants meeting i'th streets, jostled for the wall, drew, would ha been fighting: there steps me forth a correcter of soles, an under-laid Cocker, and cries out, Hold, hold your hands Gentlemen, are you so simple to fight for the wall? why the wall's my Landlords. Have you but so much wit as to apply this, you shall never need fence for the matter. Superiority is mine, *Ale* is the prince of all liquors, and you are both my subjects.

*Both.* We thy Subjects?

*Wine.* O base *Ale*.

*Beer.* O muddy *Ale*.

*Ale.* Leave your railing, and attend my reasons, I claim your duties to me, for many prerogatives: my antiquity, my riches, my learning, my strength, my gravity.

*Wine.* Antiquity! your first reason's a very small one.

*Ale.* Dare any of you deny my antiquity? I say.

*Wine.* We must bear with him, 'tis in his *Ale*.

*Ale.* It onely pleads for me: who hath not heard of the old *Ale* of England?

*Beer.* Old *Ale*; oh there 'tis grown to a Proverb, *Jones Ale's* new.

*Ale.* These are are trifles, and convince me not.

*Wine.* If we should grant your argument, you would gain little by't, go together, I do allow you both a couple of stale companions.

*Beer.* *Wine*, you're very harsh.

*Ale.* Let him, my second prerogative is my riches and possessions; for who knows not how many houses I have: Wine and Beer, are fain to take up a corner, your ambition goes no further then a Cellar, where the whole house where I am is mine, goes onely by my name, is call'd an Ale-house; but when is either heard, the Wine-house, or the Beer-house? you cannot passe a street wherein I have not houses of mine own, besides many that go by other mens names.

*Beer.* I confesse you have here and there an Ale-house, but whose are all the rest? hath not Beer as much title to them?

*Wine.* And yet I have not heard that either of you both have fin'd for Aldermen, though I confess something has bin attempted out of nick and froth. Be rul'd by me, Beer and Ale, and aspire no higher then the Common-Council-houses. Oh impudence, that either of you should talk of houses, when sometimes you are both glad of a Tub: dee hear Ale? do not you know the man that did the Bottle bring?

*Ale.* Thou art glad of a Bottle thy self, Wine, sometimes; and so is Beer too, for all he froths now.

*Beer.* So, so.

*Ale.* My third Prerogative, is my Learning.

*Wine.* Learning? If you have the Liberal Sciences, pray be free, and let's hear some.

*Ale.* For that, though I could give you demonstration, for brevities sake I remit you to my books.

*Beer.* Books! printed *cum Privilegio* no doubt on't, and sold by the Company of Stationers: what are the names?

*Ale.* Admire me, but when I name learned, though not the great *Alexander Ale*, and *Tostatus* the Jesuite.

*Wine.* Oh learned Ale, you scorn to make Indentures any more, but you might as well have concluded this without book.

*Beer.* Why, you will shortly be Town-Clerk, the Citie Chronieler is too mean a place for you.

*Ale.* Now for my strength and invincibilitie.

*Beer.* But here let me interrupt you, talk no more of strength, none but Beer deserves to bee call'd strong, no pen is able to set down my victories. I? why, I have been the destruction

*Wine.* Of

*Wine.* Of Troy, hast not ? here your own mouths condemne you : if killing be your conquest, every Quacksalving knave may have the credit of a rare Phylician, that sends more to the Church and Church-yard, then diseases do : I Wine, comfort and preserve, let that be my Character. I am cousin-German to the blood, not so like in my appearance, as I am in nature ; I repair the debilities of age, and revive the refrigerated spirits, exhilarates the heart, and steel the brow with confidence. For you both, the Poët hath drawn your memorial in one :

——— *nil spissius illa*  
*Dum bibitur, nil clarius est dum mingitur, unde*  
*Constat quod multas fœces in corpore linquat.*

Nothing goes in so thick,  
Nothing comes out so thin :  
It must needs follow then,  
Your dregs are left within.

And so I leave you, *Stygia monstrum conforme paludi*, monstrous drink, like the river Styx.

*Ale.* Nay but heark, 'tis not your Latine must carry it away, I will not lose a drop of my reputation ; and by your favour, if you stand so much upon your preserving, I'll put you to your Latine again, and prove my self superiour ; for Ale, as if it were the life of mankind, hath a peculiar name and denomination, being call'd Ale from *Alo*, which every School-boy can tell, signifies to feed and nourish, which neither Wine nor Beer can shew for themselves ; and for my strength and honour in the warre, know that Ale is a Knight of Malta, and dares fight with any man bears a head ; 'tis more safe to believe what a souldier I am, then trie what I can do.

*Beer.* If you look thus ill-favouredly, Ale, you may fright men well enough, and be held terrible by weak stomachs ; but if you call to mind the puissance and valour of Beer, invincible Beer, tumble-down Beer, you must sing a Pallinode. I ? why I have overthrowne armies ; how easie is it for me to take a Citie, when I can tame Constables, which in their presence are formidable at midnight, in the midst of their rugged Bill-men, make 'em all resign their weapons, and send 'em away to sleep upon their charge.

*Wine.* How? upon their own charge? take the Constable committing that fault, and hee'll never be good in his office after it.

*Beer.* Now for my virtue in preserving and nourishing the body wherein you both so glory, you are not to compare with me, since thousands every day come to receive their healths from me.

*Wine.* Kings and Princes from me, and like them I am served in plate

*Ale.* But thou art come down of late to a glass, Wine; and that's the reason I think, so many Vintners have broke; now observe my last Reason.

*Beer.* Yes, pray where lies your gravity?

*Ale.* Not in my Beard, I speak without mentall reservation, I'll tell you, and you shall confess it, the wise men of ancient time were called Sages, and to this day it signifies judgment, discretion, gravity; for by what other would you excite to good manners more aptly, then to shew a young man to be sage, that is grave; and with what title can you better salute him that is grave, or more honour him, then to call him one of the Sages? Now this appellation neither of you can challenge, yet every man giveth me the attribute: for who knows not I am called Sage Ale?

*Wine.* One may guesse what brains he carries by the Sage now.

*Ale.* And thus having given you sufficient reasons for your acknowledgment of my principallitie, let your knees witnesse your obedience to your King, and I will grace you both, by making you Squires of my body, right honorable Ale-Squires.

*Wine.* This is beyond suffering: was ever Wine so undervalued? Barbarous detractors, whose beginning came from a dunghill, I defie you. *Bacchus*, look down, and see me vindicate thine honour, I scorn to procrastinate in this, and this minute you shall give account of your insolencies: my spirit's high, I am enemy to both.

*Ale.* Is Wine drawn? then have at you, I'll make good Ale.

*Beer.* I stand for the honour of Beer, were you an army.

*As they offer to fight, Water comes running in.*

*Water.* Hold, hold, hold.

*Wine.* How now? what comes Water running hither for?

*Wat.* Let

*Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco.*

*Water.* Let my fear ebb a little.

*Beer.* What tide brought you hither, Water?

*Water.* The pure stream of my affection: Oh how I am troubled! I am not yet recovered.

*Ale.* So me thinks, you look very thin upon't, Water: but why do we not fight?

*Water.* Do not talk of fighting, is it not time that Water should come to quench the fire of such contention? I tell you, the care of your preservation made me break my banks to come to you, that you might see the overflowing love I bear you: your quarrel hath ecchoed unto me; I know your ambition for superiority: you are all my kinsmen, near allied to Water; and though I say it, sometimes not a little beholding to Water, even for your very makings. Will you refer your selvs to me, and wade no further in these discontentments? I will undertake your reconciliation and qualification.

*Wine.* To thee, Water? wilt thou take upon thee to correct our irregularitie? Thou often goest beyond thy bounds thy self. But if they consent, I shall.

*Beer.* I am content.

*Ale.* And I.

*Water.* Then without further circumlocution, or insinuation, Water runs to the matter: You shall no more contend for excellencie, for Water shall allow each of you a singularity. First, you Wine, shall be in most request among Courtiers, Gallants, Gentlemen, Poetical wits, *Qui melioris luti homines*, being of a refined mould, shall chuse as a more nimble and active watering, to make their brains fruitful, *Fecundi calices quem non?* but so as not confin'd to them, nor limiting them to you, more then to exhilarate their spirits, and acuate their inventions.

You Beer, shall be in most grace with the Citizens, as being a more staid Liquor, fit for them that purpose retirement and gravity, that with the Snail carries the care of a house and family with them, tied to the attendance of an illiberal profession, that neither trot nor amble, but have a sure pace of their own, *Bas lassus fortius figit pedem*, The black Oxe has trod upon their foot: yet I bound you not with the Citie, though it be the common entertainment, you may be in credit with Gentlemens Cellars, and

carry

*Wine, Beer, Ale and Tobacco.*

carry reputation before you from March to Christmas-tide, I shew'd say; that Water should forget his Tide.

You Ale I remit to the Countreie, as more fit to live where you were bred: your credit shall not be inferiour, for people of all sorts shall desire your acquaintance, specially in the morning, though you may be allowed all the day after: the Parson shall account you one of his best Parishioners, and the Church-wardens shall pay for your company, and drawing their Bills all the year long, you shall be loved and maintained at the Parish charge till you be old, be allowed a *Robin Hood*, or *Mother Red-cap* to hang at your door, to becken in Customers: and if you come into the Citie, you may be drunk with pleasure, but never come into the fashion. At all times you shall have respect but i'th Winter Morning without comparison. How do you like my censure now?

*Ale.* Water has a deep judgment.

*Water.* And yet the world saies sometimes Water is shallow: nay, I'll see you shake hands, and tie a new knot of friendship.

*Ale.* We are henceforth brothers.

*Wine.* Stay, who's here?

*Enter Toft, Sugar, and Nutmeg: Toft whetting a knife on his shoe.*

*Toft.* I tell thee Sugar, I am now friends with thee. But if it be as you say——

*Water.* What's the matter?

*Ale.* Let's observe him a little, Toft is angry.

*Nut.* What need you be so hot, Toft?

*Toft.* Hot! 'tis no matter, Sugar; you will justifie that Wine and Beer offered this wrong unto Ale.

*Sug.* I know not whose pride began, but I was sorry to see Wine, Beer, and Ale at such odds.

*Toft.* Ods quotha! I do mean to be even with some body.

*Nut.* An even Toft shews well.

*Toft.* They shall find that Ale has those about him, that are not altogether dough.

*Sug.* Thou hast been baked, I'll swear.

*Nut.* And new come out of the Oven too, I think: for he is very fierie.

*Toft.* Ale must not be put down so long as Toft has a crum of life left. Beer too?

*Nut.*

*Wine, Beer, Ale and Tobacco.*

*Nut.* What do you mean to do with your knife, *Toft*? that will scarce cut Beer and 'twere butter'd.

*Toft.* Come not near me, *Nutmeg*, least I grate you, and slice you : *Nutmeg*, do you mark?

*Wine.* Let's in, and make 'em friends. How now *Toft*?

*Toft.* 'Tis all one for that : Oh, are you there? pray tell me which of 'em is't.

*Ale.* Is what?

*Nut.* Why, they are friends : what did you mean, *Sugar*, to make *Toft* burn thus?

*Ale.* No such matter.

*Toft.* You will not tell me, then. Hark you *Beer*, March-Beer, this way a little.

*Beer.* What dost thou mean to do with thy knife?

*Toft.* I must stir you a little, *Beer* : what colour had you to quarrel with my Master?

*Beer.* *Ale.* We are sworn brothers.

*Ale.* We were at difference, and *Wine* too : but——

*Toft.* *Wine* too, But : but me no buts, I care not a straw for his buts : Dee hear sir, do you long to be *Graves Wine*?

*Wine.* We are all friends.

*Water.* I, I, all friends on my word, *Toft*.

*Toft.* Fire and Water are not to be trusted; away new-River, away, I wash my hands on thee.

*Ale.* Come hither again, *Toft*.

*Toft.* Over head and ears in *Ale*.

*Wine.* How comes this about, *Sugar*?

*Sug.* The truth is, sir, I told him of some difference between you; for he and I had fallen out, and I had no other securitie to put in for my self, then to put him upon som body else.

*Nut.* *Nutmeg* durst scarce speak to him, he was ready to put me in his pocket.

*Toft.* I am cool again : I may believe you are friends; then I am content to put up.

*Puts up his knife.*

*Sugar* and *Nutmeg*, come, we be three.

*Sug.* Let's be all one rather : and from henceforth since they are so well accorded, let's make no difference of our Masters, but belong to 'em in common: for my part, though I wait upon *Wine*,

*Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco.*

it shall not exempt my attendance on Beer, or Ale, if they please to command Sugar.

*Tost.* A match. I am for any thing but Water.

*Nut.* And I.

*Sug.* But my service shall be ready for him too, Water and Sugar I hope may be drunk together now and then, and not be brought within compass of the Statute, to be put i<sup>t</sup>h Stocks for't.

*Wat.* God a mercy, Sugar, with all my heart, I shall love thy company, for I am solitary, and thou wilt make me pleasant. Stay.

*Musick.*

Hark, Musick? Oh some friends of mine, I know'em, they often come upon the water: let's entertain the ayr a little, never a voice among you?

THE SONG.

*Wine.* I, *Jovial Wine*, exhilarate the heart.

*Beer.* *March Beer* is drink for a King.

*Ale.* But *Ale*, bonny *Ale*, with *Spice* and a *Tost*,  
In the morning's a dainty thing.

*Chorus.* { Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away;  
Wine, Beer, and Ale, shall be drunk to day.

*Wine.* I, *generous Wine*, am for the Court.

*Beer.* The *Citie* calls for Beer.

*Ale.* But *Ale*, bonny *Ale*, like a *Lord* of the *Soyl*,  
In the Country shall domineer.

*Chorus.* { Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away;  
Wine, Beer, and Ale, shall be drunk to day.

*Wat.* Why now could I dance for joy.

*Ale.* Now you talk of dancing, *Wine*, 'tis one of your qualities; let's pay the Musicians all together: we have often made other men have light heads and heels; there's no hurt a little in tripping for our selves, what say you?

*Beer.* Strike up, Piper.

*Wine.* Lustily, make a merry day on't; nay, leave out none, at Dancing and at Foot-ball, all fellows.

*Enter*

*Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco.*

*Enter Tobacco.*

*Tobacco.* Be your leave Gentlemen——Wil't please you bee here, Sir?

*Wine.* Who's this, Tobacco?

*Beer.* Why comes he into our company?

*Tobac.* I do hear say there is a controverſie——among you, and I am come——to moderate the Buſineſs.

*Ale.* It ſha'not need, we are concluded, Sir.

*Water.* Your name is Tobacco, I take it.

*Tobac.* No, Sir, you take it not——dee ſee, 'tis I that take it.

*Wine.* But we take it very ill, you ſhould intrude your ſelf into our mirth.

*Water.* I did gueſs, by the chimney your noſe, that you might ſtand in need of Water, to quench ſome fire in your Kitchin.

*Tobac.* Hoh? Water.

ſpits

*Water.* He has ſpit me out already.

*Exit.*

*Tobac.* Sugar, Toſt, and Nutmeg. puh. vaniſh.

*Wine.* He has blown away the ſpice too. *Exit S. T. N.*

*Tobac.* Now, do you not know me——what do yee ſtand at gaze——Tobacco is a drink too.

*Beer.* A drink?

*Tobac.* Wine, you and I come both out of a pipe.

*Ale.* Prethee go ſmoke ſomewhere elſe, we are not covetous of your acquaintance.

*Tobac.* Do not incenſe me, do not inflame Tobacco.

*Wine.* We do not fear your puffing, Sir; and you have any thing to ſay to us, be brief, and ſpeak it.

*Tobac.* Then briefly——and without more circumſtance——not to hold you in expectation.

*Wine.* Heyda, this is prelixity it ſelf.

*Beer.* Oh ſir, his words are not well dyed in his mouth.

*Ale.* Or his underſtanding is not ſufficiently lighted, yet give him leave I pray.

*Tobac.* I do come——

*Wine.* Not yet to the purpoſe, me thinks.

*Tobac.* And I do mean——

*Beer.* Somewhat——wo'd hear out.

*Tobac.* And I intend——

*Ale.* Yet again, think, think, till to morrow, we may chance meet again.

*Tobac.* Stay, I command you stay.

*Wine.* How! you command us; by whose authority?

*Beer.* That must be disputed

*Tobac.* Attend my argument; The Sovereign ought to command: I am your Sovereign, the sovereign drink, Tobacco.

*Ergo* ———

*Wine.* I see Tobacco is sophisticated.

*Tobac.* I ought to command you, and it will become your duty to obey me ———

*Beer.* You our Sovereign; a meer whiffler.

*Tobac.* I say again, I am your Prince; bow, and do homage.

*Ale.* You have turn'd over a new leaf, Tobacco.

*Wine.* You are very high, Tobacco; I see ill weeds grow apace.

*Beer.* Most high and mighty Trinidado.

*Wine.* For whose virtue would you be exalted, if it shall please your smokeie Excellence?

*Tobac.* Not yours — nor yours — nor yours — but all together; all the virtues which you severally glory in, are in me united: — look not so coy. Call Water to spread your faction, and you are but like the giddy elements, changing and borrowing creatures; whilst I Tobacco am acknowledged a heavenly quintessence, a divine herb.

*Beer.* Tobacco, you are out.

*Ale.* After what rate is this an Ounce?

*Wine.* Let us beseech your Excellence, for lesse title we must not give you, having so much virtue as you pretend, to let us understand some of your particular graces and qualities.

*Beer.* I pray discourse a little; what's the first?

*Tobac.* You have nam'd it — 'tis discourse which you are so far from being able to advance, that you destroy it in all men when you are most accepted; when my divine breath mixing with theirs, doth distill eloquence and oracle upon the tongue, which moveth with such deliberation — words flowing in so sweet distinction, that many ears are chained to the lips of him that speaketh.

*Da puer accensum selecto fictile Pæto,  
ut Phæbum ore bibam.*

*Ale.* And yet we are not enchanted with the musick of your Pipe, to dance after it, my most excellent discourser.

*Beer.*

*Beer.* And a help for the imperfections of nature. For when a man ha's not wit enough to expresse himself in words, you being taken, do presently help him—to spit forth gentleman-like.

*Ale.* Indeed the most part of our common complement is but smoke, and now I know how Gentlemen come by it.

*Tobac.* Thus swine do value pearle——

*Wine.* But as you have the eloquence of *Ulysses*, I suppose you have not the strength of *Ajax*; we should move in great fear, if you were valiant, I hope you are but weak Tobacco.

*Tobac.* Weak! whose brain hath not felt the effects of my mightiness? He that opposes me, shall find me march like a tempest, waited upon with lightning and black clouds.

*Wine.* Here is no crack.

*Beer.* Yet he thunders it out.

*Ale.* Yes, yes; I remember I have heard him reported a souldier, and once being in company with a knap-Jack man, a companion of his, I obtained a copie of his military postures, which put down the pike and pot-gun clean; pray observe'em

- |                         |                                |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Take your seal.       | 13 Elbow your pipe.            |
| 2 Draw your box.        | 14 Mouth your pipe.            |
| 3 Uncase your pipe.     | 15 Give fire.                  |
| 4 Produce your Rammer.  | 16 Nose your Tobacco.          |
| 5 Blow your pipe.       | 17 Puffe up your smoke.        |
| 6 Open your box.        | 18 Spit on your right hand.    |
| 7 Fill your pipe.       | 19 Throw off your loose ashes. |
| 8 Ramme your pipe.      | 20 Present to your friend.     |
| 9 Withdraw your Rammer. | 21 As you were.                |
| 10 Return your Rammer.  | 22 Cleanse your pipe.          |
| 11 Make ready.          | 23 Blow your pipe.             |
| 12 Present.             | 24 Supply your pipe.           |

Exercise this discipline till you stink, defile the room, offend your friends, destroy your Liver and Lungs, and bid adiew to the world with a scowring flux.

*Tobac.* You have a good memorie——

*Ale.* I'me sure Tobacco will spoil it.

*Tobac.* These are but childish inventions.

*Wine.* They are most proper to illustrate your magnificence, for howsoever you pretend that you converse with men, it is apparant

*Wine, Beer, Ale and Tobacco.*

apparant, that you make men children again, for they that use you most familiarly, do but smoke all the day long.

*Tobac.* You dishonour me.

*Wine.* Not so much as Gentlemen dishonour themselves, to turn common pipers: but if you have any more conditions, pray enrich us with the story.

*Tobac.* I am medicinal.

*Beer.* How?

*Tobac.* And preserve the health of man.

*Wine.* I hope they are not come to drink healths in Tobacco.

*Tobac.* I repair the bodies which your immoderate cups have turn'd to Fens and Marthes. The wisest Physicians prescribe my use, and acknowledg me a salutary herb.

*Ale.* Physicians are no fools, they may commend you for their profit; you are one of their herbingers, to provide for a disease: yet howsoever you call them wise, and glory in their flatteries, they make but a very simple of you.

*Wine.* Me thinks this should cut Tobacco.

*Tobac.* Not at all, I am above their poor derision; at my pleasure I could revenge their malice, for I am in favour, and grown to be the delight of Poëts and Princes.

*Beer.* How, Poëts and Princes? *Ego & Rex meus*: a stopper for Tobacco, we shall have petty treason anon else.

*Tobac.* Doe's it scruple your judgment Mr. Small-beer, that I say Poëts and Princes? I am not to learn their distinction, nor doth it take from any allegiance, they are both sacred names: yet I am confident it is easier for a Poët not born to soveraigntie to aspire to a Kingdome, then for a King, not born with fancie, to be made a Poët. I mention'd these names, not in their method and order, but to shew my grace with them, that are most able to punish insolence, such as your's.

*Ale.* How the vapour rises.

*Wine.* This Ruffler may be troublesome, we were best admit him to our society, he is a dry companion, and you may observe, how he hath insinuated already with the greatest; the Ladies begin to affect him, and he receiv's private favour from their lips, every day he kisseth their hands, when he appears in a fair pipe; though we allow him not a prioritie, for our own sakes, let us hold correspondence

*Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco.*

spondence with him, least he seduce men to forsake us, or at least to make use of us but for their necessity.

*Ale.* Hum ! he saies well, now I better consider 'twere safest to use him kindly, least by degrees he overthrow us, and jet upon our privileges ; for I heard a Gentleman t'other day affirm, he had tasted three or four daies, onely with Tobacco.

*Wine.* Beside, if we continue friends, he will be a preparative for our reception ; without us he may subsist, but with him wee are sure of liberal entertainment.

*Beer.* I am converted ; Wine, you are the best Orator, speak for us.

*Wine.* Tobacco, you are a good fellow, all ambition laid aside, let us embrace as friends ; excuse us that we have been a little merry with you, we acknowledg you a gentile drink, and you shal have all the respect will become Wine, Beer, or Ale to observe you with : what should we contend for primacie, quarrel about titles, which if to any, we acknowledg most properly belongs to you, for they are all but smoke. Let us unite and be confederate states, for the benefit of mens low countries, live and love together. Wine doth here enter into league with Tobacco.

*Beer.* And Beer.

*Ale.* And Ale.

*Tobac.* Are you in earnest ? why then Tobacco is so far from pride, hat he vows to serve you all ; and when I leave to be a true friend, may fire consume me, and my ashes want a burial.

*VV. B. A.* And when we talisfe, may thunders strike us dead.

*They Dance.*

In which Wine falling down, one taketh Sugar by the heels, and seems to shake him upon Wine.

In the second passage Beer falleth, and two take Nutmeg, and as it were to grate him over Beer.

In the third, Ale falleth ; one bringeth in a Chafen dish of coles, and another causeth Tost to put his breech to it ; afterwards it is clapt to Ale's mouth, and the Dance concludeth.

F I N I S.